

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, June 18, 1803.

[No. 37.]

THE NUT-SHELL.

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 283)

BENDORF, however much he was persuaded, that his wife alone was the cause of his misery, continued to love her with an affection and fidelity, which if we believe some ill-natured observers, is not very common to our sex. The Count's intentions did not escape his penetrating eye; and his fears on that subject increased into suspicion when he saw that his presents were received.—With the most affectionate tenderness, he remonstrated with Julia, and she was still reasonable enough to give ear to him.

When he had ended, the artful woman, who was able to do every thing but live economically, threw her arms round his neck with equal tenderness, and swore that her fidelity to him had never wavered, nor ever would. "You are still as dear to me, as in that moment, when the sweet hope of stealing you from Amelia, first awakened anew in my breast—you are my all, my pride and my happiness; nor will you ever cease to be so. But why should we make any ceremony of pillaging this wealthy fool? Is there not upon his side, a superfluity which he does not deserve, and upon ours, an indigence equally un-

merited? Trust me to my virtue and my prudence. The former will keep me true to you; and the latter will save you for a twelvemonth to come, the heavy article of my dress, and many other expences."

"No, no, dear Julia.—If one of us, from our present unhappy situation, must have recourse to artifice and fraud; let the hard task fall upon me. Here are four hundred dollars, to spend as you please. Employ the half of them in your pleasures, and the other half in necessities."

Julia started; four hundred glittering dollars was more than she had seen for a long time in her husband's possession; and far more, than she at present suspected him to have.

"Ay, my dear golden husband, where have you got so much money?"

"That's my affair, Julia.—Take it, and use it; but on this condition, that from this moment, you break off all connection with the Count."

"With all my heart, my dear love." (In a louder tone.) "John, bring me pen, ink, and paper." The good husband, without waiting the tardy John, ran himself and brought them. The Count's last present was returned to him in a scornful billet, with an assurance, that his intentions were discovered and

despised. This unexpected letter astonished the Count not a little. As he was full of confidence in his approaching victory, he had already favored about a dozen acquaintances, with a particular description of the fair Bendorf, in which not one of her charms was forgotten: but the whole woman was portrayed as minutely as if she had been sitting to him for a model. He soon, however, got the better of his surprise; and with an exclamation against the miserable taste of the plebeian canaille, he flew to a female friend in the neighborhood, whose clumsy figure was but a poor indemnification for the Venus he had lost: but whose favors of all sorts, from the lowest to the highest, could be had at a much more reasonable price.

Bendorf and his wife, in the mean time, lived for some weeks in a new round of pleasure and extravagance. She now again had the satisfaction of employing a number of tradesmen and shopkeepers, and of seeing thrice in the following week, fifteen guests at her table. The thoughtless woman did not consider how dear perhaps the money he had given her might have cost her husband, and yet suspicion would have been here but natural, and, alas! but too well founded. Bendorf had, in consequence of his office, a considerable sum of money under his keeping; and had managed it hitherto with the strictest punctuality: even the most urgent necessity of his own would not have indis-

ced him to touch any part of it: but jealousy was more powerful than indigence. With a vain, and almost childish resolution of soon replacing it, he now took it up: the four hundred dollars he had given Julia were taken from hence: and the term of its payment appeared, without a single penny being replaced. As his whole happiness and reputation depended upon the concealment of this step, he now saw himself compelled to another not less important. He hitherto avoided nothing more carefully than having any connexion with usurers, but he was now obliged to have recourse to them: and as his credit was already very much sunk, he fell into the hands of men who had nothing Christian about them but their habit; and who demanded, of course, the higher interest, as they ran such a risk of losing the principle.

A thousand times did Bendorf determine to reform his whole way of living; but the cursed dread of losing his wife's affections, interposed always, and shut his mouth. Frequently, when he was on the point of intreating her, to wear head-dresses less costly, or not to play whist every day for so high a stake; she would come to him with the most affectionate look, and tell him, that such a lady, her neighbor, had got a fine new gown for a birth-day present: that the play to be that night performed, was a charming piece; or that she had now been twice dining in such a family without asking them in return. The poor man stood before her, with a look of as great perplexity, as if he had just eaten mustard, and wanted to conceal its effects upon his nerves. He was still silent, but a single kiss, or a single fond question: "what think you, my dear?" brought him to give her his last penny; which was frequently more than *his* last. The night was then past in sleepless anxiety, and next morning produced a new bond to the usurers.

Such a way of living could not last long. That poverty, which was so much dreaded, and from which a short respite had been procured, by means much worse than itself, broke now forth with double fury, like a flood which had been vainly attempted to be dammed. Bendorf indeed wanted not sufficient inclination to borrow more; another thing only was wanting, which is equally essential to the business of borrowing: he could no longer meet with a lender. In vain

did Julia now ask him for money; he was now obliged to do what he should have done long ago; he was obliged to refuse her. Her acquaintances now treated her with coldness, and her card-tables were empty. And even this appearance of retrenchment, made his suspicious creditors still more suspicious: their bonds came in upon him daily, and he had the prospect before him of an immediate arrest; which according to the law of the country, he knew must be followed with the loss of his office.

He was now sunk into that insensibility, which extreme distress at last brings to our relief. And sitting one day alone in his chamber; his wife had retired to her closet, under the pretence of a severe head-ache; and begged that she might be left there for some hours to sleep undisturbed. The door was hastily opened by Weller, the last friend that Bendorf had left. "Friend," cried he, "you must fly immediately—If you delay but two hours, you will be in custody, I saw the warrant for that purpose, in the hands of Erlach, the most unmerciful of lawyers. He suspected, I know not for what reason, that there had been a misunderstanding between us, and thought he was doing me a pleasure, when he showed me the fatal paper—Fly, I beseech you—here in this purse, is all the money I can at present spare; take it, and do the best you can with it."

Bendorf stood long, as if he had been petrified. In vain did Weller continue with the most affectionate warmth, to urge him to the necessity of flight; all the answer he could draw from him, was that he must first consult with his wife. He hastened to her closet, to her bed—there was no Julia there—he called to her over the whole house; but there followed neither voice nor answer.—"What can this mean?" cried he out, in a rage, and ran to Julia's confidential maid, with such an air of fury and impatience, that the poor terrified creature fell trembling at his feet. "Dearest, best of masters, only spare me; and I will readily confess all that I know. My lady is not sick, she is only gone out."—"And whither?"—"Only to a house, where she had appointed to meet a gentleman, as she has done sometimes already."—"And who is the gentleman, wretch?"—"Count Starrberg."

Bendorf, as if a dagger had pierced his heart, sunk speechless upon the nearest seat, and wildly struck his forehead with his doubled fist; a few minutes afterwards, when he had recovered his speech, he raised himself up, and cried aloud—"This too, this too. Completely ruined on her account; and yet thus dishonored and deceived. Shall I wait for her, and punish her?—Shall the faithless woman from my hand—No, no, let poverty, shame, and her own conscience be her punishers. I will not anticipate the revenge of Him, who has punished so severely my imprudence." Then after a pause of a few minutes, he went on thus—"Here, on this very spot, where I wept for the death of my two children: I now thank thee, eternal Providence, that thou didst so graciously take them to thyself. I can now violate no paternal duty; and the duties of a husband I here renounce; the faithless woman is no longer worthy to be called my wife. How willingly would I have fulfilled the obligations of a debtor and a citizen, if my poverty would have permitted." With these words he seized Weller's hand, (who had beheld all this scene, and being afraid of something worse, was rejoiced at this prudent resolution) secured a few valuables, which were still left him, and hurried to his friend's house: in less than a quarter of an hour he was on horseback, and forsook for ever his native country.

In his flight he stopt only for a minute, at one house—at the habitation of Amelia. It was long since she had become the wife of a worthy man, a happy mother, and the esteemed friend of many respectable persons. She had long ago forgotten the uneasiness which Bendorf had given her; but she sincerely lamented his hard fate; and sometimes would in secret, reproach herself gently for her jealousy. Here Bendorf stopt, looked up at the window, and exclaimed, "There, wretch, didst thou once stand; happy in the present, and still happier in the prospect of the future.—Accursed be the moment in which an unlucky instance of thy rashness, occasioned the destruction of the whole happiness of thy life."

He continued his flight, weeping, and past the remainder of his short life in obscurity and indigence in a foreign land.

ILLUSTRATION OF
THE PROGRESS OF DRESS,
IN ENGLAND,

From the earliest times.

[From Strutt's *View of the dress and habits of the people of England.*]

THE HORNED HEAD-DRESS OF THE LADIES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

ABOUT this time a preposterous kind of head-dress made its appearance among the fair sex, distinguished by the appellation of 'the horned head-dress,' which is severely reprobated by John de Meun, in his poem called the *Codocil*: he speaks to this effect: 'If I dare say it, without making them,' that is the ladies, 'angry, I should dispraise their hosing, their vesture, their girding, their head-dresses, their hoods thrown back, with their horns elevated and brought forward, as if it were to wound us. I know not whether they call them *gallowses* or *brackets*, that prop up the horns, which they think are so handsome; but of this I am certain, that Saint Elizabeth obtained not paradise by the wearing of such trumpery.'—He then proceeds to deride the excessive width of these head-dresses, and speaks of the quantity of fine linen that was used to decorate them, with much disapprobation.

The knight, who has already furnished us so largely with selections*, calls in, upon this occasion, the authority of a 'holy bishop,' who, declaiming from the pulpit against the fashionable foibles of the fair sex, accuses them of being marvellously arrayed in divers and quaint manners, and particularly with *high horns*. The prelate then gravely, with more zeal perchance than learning, attributes the cause of the deluge to the pride and disguising of the women, who, he tells us, were thereby led astray into the paths of vice: but, resuming the former subject, he compares the ladies of his day to horned snails, to harts, and to unicorns; declaring that, by such unnatural adjustments, they mocked God; and proceeds to relate a story of a gentlewoman, who came to a feast, having her head so strangely attired with long pins, that her head-dress resembled a gibbet;

* From a work in MS. compiled toward the conclusion of the fourteenth century, for the use of three young ladies, daughters of a knight in Normandy; in the Harleian Library at the British Museum, marked 1761.

'and so,' adds he, 'she was scorned by all the company, who ridiculed her taste, and said, she carried a *gallows* upon her head.' All the remonstrances from the pulpit, the admonitions from the moral writers, and the satirical reflections of the poets, were not sufficiently powerful to conquer the prevalency of this fashion, or, at least, not very hastily; for the horned head-dress maintained its ground nearly two centuries. Lidgate, the monk of Bury, who lived in the reign of Henry VI, has written a long ballad upon this subject; and he therein endeavors to persuade the ladies to lay aside their horns, which, he insists upon, are no addition to their beauty; for beauty, adds he, will show itself, though the horns be cast away. He uses also another argument, namely, the example of the Virgin Mary, who never submitted to any such disguise.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, this species of head-dress was extended to a preposterous size. We learn, that, when Isabel of Bavaria, the vain and luxurious consort of Charles VI of France, kept her court at Vincennes, it was necessary to make all the doors in the palace higher and wider, to admit the head-dresses of the queen and her ladies. Indeed, it is by no means wonderful, that large coiffures should have continued long in fashion, especially among the women of high rank, when it is considered, that they admitted of a proportionable variety of ornaments, and afforded an opportunity for the ladies of displaying their taste to greater advantage than a smaller compass would admit of.

A foreign author speaks of the horned head-dress, as it was worn at Lyons, in the following manner: 'It consisted of a mixture of woollen cloth and silk, with two horns resembling turrets, and was cut and pinked after the fashion of a German hood, or crisped like the belly of a calf.' But at the time of his writing, this attire seems to have been upon the decline; the more fashionable one he thus describes: 'The ladies ornamented their heads with certain rolls of linen, pointed like steeples, generally half, and sometimes three quarters, of an ell in height.' These were called by some, great butterflies, from having two long wings on each side resembling those of that insect. The high cap was covered with a fine piece of lawn hanging down to the ground, the greater part of which was tucked under the arm. The ladies

of a middle rank wore caps of cloth, consisting of several breadths or bands, twisted round the head, with two wings on the side like asses' ears; others, again, of a higher condition, wore caps of black velvet, half a yard high, which in these days would appear very strange and unseemly. It is no easy matter,' continues the author, 'to give a proper description in writing of the different fashions in the dresses of the ladies;' and he refers the readers to the ancient tapestry and painted glass, in which they may see them more perfectly represented: to these he might have added the illuminated manuscript, wherein they are frequently enough to be met with.

CUMBERSOME AND EXTRAVAGANT
DRESSES OF THE MEN,
IN THE TIME OF
HENRY IV.

HENRY IV, soon after his accession to the throne, revived the sumptuary statutes of Edward III; but, if they had then been strenuously carried into execution, Thomas Occliff, who wrote in the reign of that monarch, would not have had the occasion of complaint which he exhibits against the extravagance of dress existent in his time. This poet, after enumerating many things requiring amendment, comes to the subject of apparel; 'and this,' says he, 'in my thinking, is an evil, to see one walking in gowns of scarlet twelve yards wide, with sleeves reaching to the ground, and lined with fur, worth twenty pounds, or more; at the same time, if he had only been master of what he paid for, he would not have had enough to have lined a hood.' He then proceeds to condemn the pride of the lower classes of the people, for imitating the fashions and extravagances of the rich; 'and certainly,' says he, 'the great lords are to blame, if I dare say so much, to permit their dependants to imitate them in their dress. In former time, persons of rank were known by their apparel; but, at present, it is very difficult to distinguish the nobleman from one of low degree.' He then considers the 'foule waste of cloth' attendant upon these luxurious fashions, and assures us, that no less than a yard of broad cloth was expended for one man's tippet. Returning to his former argument, that noblemen ought not to encourage their servants in the usage of such extravagant dresses, he says, 'If the master should stumble as he walks,

how can his servant afford him any assistance, while both his hands have full employment in holding up the long sleeves with which his arms are encumbered*? He then adds, that 'the tailors must soon shape their garments in the open field, for want of room to cut them in their own houses; because that man is best respected who bears upon his back, at one time, the greatest quantity of cloth and of fur.'

From the following observation the reader may, perchance, suspect the reformist of loving his belly more than his back: 'In days of old,' says he, 'when men were clad in a more simple manner, there was abundance of good eating; but now they clothe themselves in such an expensive manner, that the former hospitality is banished from their houses.' He then laments, 'that a nobleman cannot adopt a new guise, or fashion, but that a knave will follow his example;' and, speaking in commendation of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, he informs us, that 'his garments were not too wide, and yet they became him wondrously well.' 'Now, would to God!' continues he, 'this waste of clothe and pride were exiled from us for ever; for now we have little need of brooms in the land to sweep away the filth from the street, because the side sleeves of pennyless grooms will gather it up, if it should be either wet or dry.' He then addresses himself, by apostrophe, to his country, and advises a reformation of all these abuses: his satirical conclusion, however, I hope, is inapplicable to any time but his own. 'If,' says he, 'a man of abilities, meanly clad, should seek access to the presence of a nobleman, he would be denied on the account of his clothing; but, on the contrary, a man who, by flattery and the meanest servility, can procure himself the most fashionable apparel, he shall be received with great honor.'

* They are thus described by another author: '*Maxime togatorum cum profundis et lati, manicis, vocatis vulgari pokys, ad modum bagpipe formatis*: wearing gowns with deep wide sleeves, commonly called pokys, shaped like a bagpipe, and worn indifferently both by servants and masters. They are also rightly denominated devils' receptacles, *receptacula demoniorum recte dici*; for, whatever could be stolen was popped into them. Some where so long and wide that they reached to the feet, others to the knees, and were full of slits. As the servants were bringing up pottage and sauces, or any other liquors, those sleeves would go into them, and have the first taste. And all that they could procure was spent to clothe their incurable carcasses with those pokys or sleeves, while the rest of their habit was short.'

(To be continued.)

FATAL SPORT.

A YOUNG gentleman, who a few years since, lived in London, who had made his addresses to an agreeable young lady, and won her heart; also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a fancy to have them married at the same parish church, where he himself had been joined to her mother, at a village in Westmoreland, and they accordingly set out, he being at the same time indisposed with the gout at London.

The bridegroom took only his man, and the bride her maid; and they had a most agreeable journey to the place appointed, from whence the bridegroom wrote the following letter to his bride's father, viz.

SIR,

After a very pleasant journey hither, we are preparing for the happy hour, in which I shall be your son. I assure you, the bride carries it in the eye of the vicar, who married you, much beyond her mother; though, he says, your open sleeves, pantaloons, and shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall make it very merry before night, because I shall write myself from thence,

Your most dutiful son T. D.

P. S. The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome as an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.

The villagers were assembled about the church, and the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The bridegroom's servant knew his master would leave the place very soon after the wedding was over, and seeing him draw his pistols the night before took an opportunity of going into his chamber, and charged them again.

'Upon their return from the garden, they went into that room, and after a little fond raillery on the subject of their courtship, the bridegroom took up one of the pistols, which he knew he had unloaded the night before, and presented it to her, and said, with the most graceful air, whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery, Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have been

guilty of to me: consider, before you die, how often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your casement; you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die, with all those instruments of death and destruction about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing ringlets of your hair.

Fire, said she, laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his condition? But he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. Will, said he, did you charge these pistols? He answered, Yes: upon which his master shot him dead with that remaining.

After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans and distracted motions, he wrote the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

SIR,

I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, thro' a mistake of my man's having charged my pistols unknown to me; I have murdered him for it. Such is my wedding day.—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave. But before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together till I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man! remember, that he who killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death I give you thanks, and pray for you tho' I dare not pray for myself. If it be possible, do not curse me.

Farewel for ever: T. D.

This being finished, he put an end to his life; and afterward, the body of the servant was interred in the village where he was killed, and the young couple, attended by the maid, were brought to London, and privately interred in one grave, in the parish the unhappy father resided in.

Annibal Carracci and his father were robbed one day in returning from the country. Annibal immediately carried his complaint before the magistrates, and drew such excellent likenesses of the robbers, that they were recognised and taken.

SCHEME FOR THE LADIES
TO GOVERN THEIR HUSBANDS.

THE utmost care should be taken by the Ladies, to be well acquainted with the persons whom they intend to marry, as all their future happiness depends on their *first choice*: and I would advise them, rather to take those who *love them*, than those whom *they love*; for they may always retain their power over the men who love them, but those they love will continually bear the sway.

Nothing is more common than to see *one woman*, before marriage, rule a great *many men*; and why should it be thought strange she should be able to govern *one* after it? For this purpose, she should alternately have pride and good nature, as she found it most conducive to her own happiness. She should sometimes indulge her deary in a *few* of his humours, and then she may reasonably expect to be indulged in *all*.

Notwithstanding all our penetration, should any particular foible be discovered in a man after marriage (for before it there are few but wear the bright side outwards) we should use our utmost endeavors to turn it to our advantage. For instance, if he is covetous, he will make you rich; if formal, he will not be passionate; if passionate, he will make you patient; if foppish, he will be neat; and, if a rake, he will love his wife in her turn: therefore it is of the highest importance you should at least think him still *agreeable*; and then you may with great probability conclude, he will always think you *so*.

You must remember to preserve a sweetness of temper, if you would wish to govern; for, to please a *husband*, you must appear the same as pleased the *lover*. Be careful therefore of exposing the ill qualities of the mind, and observe a becoming decency in dress; for, by neglecting these, which are essentially necessary, you lose all the power over your husband's heart.

If you intend constantly to govern your husband, be sure do not let him know it; for many a woman has lost all her power, by hinting her husband was a fool, and she was capable of governing him. Women would always have more power, were they not weak enough to show they strove for it: and some, who endeavor to enjoy a power, which they think they deserve, boast of their good

qualities, till they even lose those they had. Soon is lost the sway they might easily have had over their husbands, when they are continually boasting of their beauty, fortune, wit, family, and virtue.

Think not, ladies, to preserve domestic dominion by being tyrants, I would wish you to rule; but I would wish you to be generous, and to rule with moderation. How pleasing soever sway may be to a female, you will find it absolutely necessary, if you design to continue longer in power, not to be too despot before company; for it will sufficiently gratify your pride, though you should only let the discerning part of it see, the *grey mare is the better horse*.

Policy, my fair female, will you find it, to let your husband retain the external appearance of a man: therefore be not always over anxious to know where he has been, or what about, but let him indulge himself in a few innocent pleasures; and permit him sometimes to think himself happy, even though you have not been in his company. Nay, let the good man occasionally have liberty of making use of his senses, and of believing this or that female tolerably handsome and witty, provided he thinks his wife their superior.

EXTRACT FROM THE MS. ROMANCE,
OF THE
BLOODY MYSTERIES OF THE INFERNAL BANQUET.

BY MRS. GLOOMLY.

"STRANGER," said Frederick, "art thou of Heaven or Hell? Why have thy canonized bones left the quiet and silent sepulchre—the grave of thy deceased forefathers? I conjure you to answer me."—The night was dark, the moon was obscured by sable clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the leaves of the wide-spreading larch-trees were agitated by the rising tempest.—Frederick, altho' unused to fear, felt his mind perturbed. The spectre, for so it appeared by the transitory flashes of the vivid lightning, made no answer. Already his hand was upon the hilt of his sword. He drew it forth from his scabbard, and, with one blow, severed the head from the body.—He now discovered the object of his fears to be a—
scare-crow !!!

SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

AN able calculator estimates the number of persons belonging to the metropolis, [London] who spend the Sunday in the adjacent villages, inns, tea-houses, &c. at two hundred thousand.

These, he calculates, will spend each half a crown, amounting in the whole to twenty-five thousand pounds. This sum, he thinks, cannot be thought as exaggerated, when it is considered that he has taken the numbers so low as 200,000, and the sum spent by each at a half a crown.

Twenty-five thousand pounds multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year give, as the annual consumption of that *day of rest*, the immense sum of one million, three hundred thousand pounds.

Of these 200,000 persons, he calculates the *returning situations* as follow;

Sober,	50,000
In high glee,	90,000
Drunkish,	30,000
Staggering tipsy,	10,000
Muzzy,	15,000
Dead drunk,	5,000
	200,000

N. B. In the above calculation we think the *numbers* exaggerated, but the *sum* is, perhaps, under the truth. Much, however, will depend on weather.

EXCUSE OF A FRIAR.

A FRIAR, mounted on a fine horse, was one day reprimanded by a certain citizen, who reminded him, that, being of the order of St. Francis, he was commanded by the vows he had made, and the oath he had taken, to follow that saint: 'He went always on foot, but you ride on horseback.'—'Ah! answered the good father, 'you are perfectly right in saying that I ought to follow the holy founder; but it is so long ago that he went, that it is impossible for me to get up to him on foot; and I should not be able to overtake him on horseback, if I did not go full gallop.'

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, June 18th 1803.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 18 persons during the week ending on 11th inst. (exclusive of those buried in potter's field) viz. of—Old age 1—Pleurisy 1—Fits 2—consumption 4—worm-fever 1—Complaint in the lungs 1—Drowned 1—Teething 1—Small pox 2—and 4 of diseases not mentioned—Total 18—Of whom 10 were adults, and 8 children.

PROBABILITY OF WAR.

*"The direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd."*

By the arrival of the ship American from Londonderry, intelligence from that place is received as late as May 14, which induces most people to think a war between France and England inevitable. It has been officially declared that Lord Whitworth (the British ambassador) was expected home in a few days, and that the French ambassador had applied for passports to return to France. In the admiralty department preparations for war are carrying on with more vigor than ever. The North and Channel Fleets are said to be out, with orders to blockade the French ports. An impress of seamen in England & Ireland was carrying on with unabated vigor, extending in many instances to persons of 60 years of age. It is said that Bonaparte at a late levee of his lady, observed to lord Whitworth, that he expected no success in a maritime war with England, and that hostilities must necessarily be directed against her in her own island; in which case he should feel it his duty to conduct the invasion in person.

Toussaint Louverture, the celebrated African chief, died in prison at Besançon, without a friend to close his eyes, and without ever having been visited in his imprisonment by his wife and children, who had been taken with him from St. Domingo.

Timothy Kirk, of York. (Penn.) has invented a machine for threshing out clover-seed, with which a man, a boy and a horse will thresh 100 bushels in a month; and he calculates that it will save the labor of 15 hands a day.

At Bern, near Albany, on the 21st ult. Abraham Sharre, a transient person, was found dead, having hung himself with a hickory withe, in a hut which he had built on the premises of Johannes Sadlemere, jun. It was supposed he had been dead four or five days when his remains were discovered. It was a love affair which impelled this unfortunate being thus rashly to precipitate himself into the world of spirits.

PATENT RUM !!!

Major Daniel Hsley, of Portland, has been granted a patent for an improvement in the distillery of rum. He professes to make it equal in quality to that distilled in the West-Indies.

Washington, Ken. May 26.

Mr. Daniel Wall, who arrived from Natchez on Monday last, has been polite enough to give us the following important, though melancholy intelligence:—As one Joseph White, a Mr. Stapleton and our informant were passing through the wilderness together, they were fired on by two Indians who lay in ambush by the road side. There must have been two balls in each of the Indians' guns, as that number passed through White's breast, which instantly terminated his existence, and the same through our informant's hat. Two other Indians were standing off a few yards, who did not fire, but attempted to catch the horses that were following with the packs, and that of the deceased, but did not effect it. The survivors were pursued several miles, the Indians frequently appeared in sight, and among them a white man was plainly discovered. When they arrived at Duck river settlement, about fifteen miles on this side of the place where the attack was made, a party went back and got the money which our informant and companion had hid, but saw nothing of the Indians, nor could they

find Mr. Wall's horse. A few nights before this attack, which was on Friday the 13th inst. our informant was told, a party had been fired on 5 times, were drove from their camp and lost all their money and a gun, but no person was killed or wounded. On the 15th, another party was attacked, and pursued 7 or 8 miles by persons on horseback. As our informant passed through the nation, he saw a Mr. Patterson from near Lexington, who had a few days before been wounded in the shoulder and arm by the savages.

Extract of a letter from Edward Tiffin, esq. Governor, of the state of Ohio, to a gentleman of Baltimore, dated, Chillicothe, May 27th, 1803.

"We have had an alarm from the Indians, two white men have been killed and wounded, and one Indian of the Shawanese nation—I have just returned from the frontiers, and am happy to find it has originated from private quarrels with the individuals who have suffered, and without the knowledge of the chiefs, who are very sorry on hearing of the affair, and sincerely disposed to cultivate peace and harmony with the white people. We have imprudent men settled on our frontiers, and the Indians have inconsiderate young warriors amongst them. It requires much prudence and address to keep both sides in order.

On Saturday afternoon last, as Mr. Marschalk, of this city, auctioneer, and family, were taking stage at Powles'-Hook, the horses took fright. Mrs. Marschalk attempted to spring from the carriage door; but her clothes unfortunately getting entangled, she was dragged some distance, and much bruised by the wheel. We are happy to learn that she is not dangerously hurt.

Extract of a letter from Kingston, (Esopus) June 9th.

"Last night was committed to the jail in this town, a black girl about 17 years of age, for the murder of a child

about 6 years old, belonging to Mr. Abraham Bruyn, of Shawingunk. The murder was committed on Tuesday, about 3 o'clock, P. M. She had taken it about two hundred yards from the house, to a mill-pond, where she cut its throat, and then threw it into the pond. Near night the child was missed, when an immediate search was made by the neighbors.—The pond was drawn off, at the bottom of which the child was found where the girl had thrown it in. She had been seen near the spot in the afternoon; and her tracks in the sand were well known from the loss of a great toe. She persisted in denying the fact for some time, but at length confessed it, alledging that she had been instigated thereto by the advice of a black woman, who told her that if she would murder one of the children, it would procure her milder treatment from her master and mistress, (Mr. and Mrs. Bruyn) She will probably receive her trial and sentence at the ensuing circuit court."

The old-fashioned sport of honorable murder revived!

Petersburg June 7th.

On Sunday last a duel was fought near this town between Mr. George Tucker and James Hughes. At the first fire each received a shot, the former through the left leg, a few inches below the knee, and the latter through the body, which it is expected will prove fatal. [since dead]

Yesterday morning another duel was fought by Mr. Thomas K. Harris and Mr. James Trezvant, two young men engaged in the study of the law. At the second fire the latter was wounded in the side, which however is not considered mortal.

ANECDOTES.

A famous drinker asked on his death-bed, for a goblet of water, which he drank, saying, *We must reconcile ourselves to our enemies when we are dying.*

M. Le Camus said of certain very reverential gluttonous monks, that they were fitchers, which only stooped down to be filled.

THEATRICAL REGISTER FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, June 10.

EARL OF ESSEX, Rowe, and WAGS OF WINDSOR, G. Colman. *For the Benefit of Mr. Johnson.*

Mrs. Melmoth after an absence of a year, made her appearance in the character of *Queen Elizabeth*. This lady is truly inspired by Melpomene, and will always be received with pleasure by the lovers of tragedy. Her performance is much as when she left us.

MONDAY, June 13.

THE WONDER, and a new pantomime called, *LA FILLE HUSSAR*, the principal merit of which lay in the scenery, especially the Mountain, and the performance of the cavalry.

WEDNESDAY, June 15.

THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM, Mrs. Cowley, and the new Pantomime.



MAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

At Grafton, Uriah Smith, aged about 40, to Miss Peck, aged 13!!!

On Thursday last week, Mr. Nicholas McKean, to Miss Sarah Stephenson, both of this city.



Deaths.

At Newark, on the 9th inst. in the 24th year of his age, Mr. Richard Blackwell, merchant, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, Beverly R. Barclay, 4th son of Col. Thomas Barclay, his Britannic Majesty's Consul General, &c.—an amiable and most promising youth.

WHAITES & CHARTERS, PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

DRAWING SCHOOL.

JARVIS AND WOOD,

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have taken the spacious apartments late Chilton's Academy, two doors east from the Theatre, Broadway, where they hope by their united exertions, and a strict attention to their profession, to merit the future encouragement of the public.

JAMES EVERDELL,

Professor of music, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has removed to No. 90, Chamber-street, and that he continues to give instructions (at home and abroad) on all kinds of string and wind instruments.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-street.

THEATRE.

For the benefit of Mrs. Seymour and Mr. Delamater.

On Monday evening, June 20th, will be presented,

A comedy, in 5 acts,
CALLED,

The Stranger.

End of the Play,

Feats on the Tight Rope,

By Sig. Manfredi.

In course of the evening, the favorite Scotch Ballad of,

"Jemmy of the Glen,"

By Mrs. Seymour.

To which will be added,

A Comic Opera, called,

The Agreeable Surprise.



MATILDA.

A Warning to Scornful Beauties.

MATILDA once was charming, young—
Was born a nymph whom all admir'd;
Her fame was spread by ev'ry tongue,
And ev'ry heart her hand desir'd.

But she was cruel, scornful, proud,
Nor heeded once her lover's sighs;
Her soul disdain'd the gazing croud;
Contempt sat scowling o'er her eyes.

Revolving years advanc'd apace,
And hoary age around her spread;
Destruction grasp'd each peerless grace;
Her warm admirers, frowning, fled.

Abandon'd, shunn'd—desponding maid!
Corroding anguish choak'd her breath;
Repentance brought too late its aid,
And thus she wept and moan'd distress:

"Once, charms I had—but, ah! too sure
"Such fleeting flow'rs, would e'er remain,
"I deem'd my pow'r o'er man secure,
"And proudly spurn'd each suing swain.

"With wanton rage has ruthless Time
"Devour'd each youthful grace divine;
"And nymphs that boast their morning prime
"Display those gems that once were mine.

"No more my eyes a radiance shed,
"To pierce, of youth, the glowing heart;
"The rose's blush my cheeks has fled,
"My lips no nectar'd sweets impart.

"The graceful mien, the glancing eye,
"Long lost their fascinating pow'r;
"The dimpling smile, the melting sigh,
"Long pass'd their summer's golden hour.

"No flattery's twin's persuasive tongue
"Implores me now to live his bride:
"Unpitied—fled by old and young—
"My life's a pang of wounded pride!"

Beware ye nymphs, Matilda's fate,
Nor sport, like her, with tyranny, your charms:
Born to decay, perhaps, too late,
In vain you'll hope a husband in your arms!

NANCY: A SONG.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

YOU ask me, dear Nancy, what makes me presume
That you cherish a secret affection for me?
When we see the flow'rs bud don't we look for the bloom?

Then, sweetest, attend, while I answer to thee,

When we young men with pastimes the twilight beguile,

I watch your plump cheek till it dimples with joy;
And observe, that whatever occasions the smile,
You give me a glance; but provokingly coy.

Last month, when wild strawberries pluckt in the grove,

Like beads on the tall-seeded grass you had strung;
You gave me the choicest—I hop'd 'twas for love;
And I told you my hopes while the nightingale sung.

Remember the viper:—'twas close at your feet;
How you started, and threw yourself into my arms:
Not a strawberry there was so ripe nor so sweet
As the lips which I kiss'd to subdue your alarms.

As I pull'd down the cluster of nuts for my fair,
What a blow I receiv'd from a strong bending bough!

Though Lucy and other gay lasses were there,
Not one of them show'd such compassion as you.

And was it compassion?—by heaven 'twas more!
That telltale betrays you;—that blush on your cheek.

Then come, dearest maid, all your trifling give o'er,
And whisper what Candor will teach you to speak.

Can you stain my fair honor with one broken vow?
Can you say that I've ever occasion'd a pain?
On Truth's honest base let your tenderness grow:
I swear to be faithful again and again.

THE VOW.

O CLEAR that cruel doubting brow!
I call on mighty Jove,
To witness this eternal vow—
'Tis you alone I love.

"O leave the god to soft repose,"
The smiling maid replies,
"For Jove but laughs at lovers' vows,
"And lovers' perjuries."

By honor'd beauty's gentle pow'r,
By friendship's holy flame!
"Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r,
"And friendship but a name?"

By those dear tempting lips, I cry'd—
With arch ambiguous look,
Convinc'd, my Chloe, glanc'd aside,
And bade me "Kiss the book."

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.



Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be used only as above, with directions; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentifrice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

NEW MUSIC.

J. HEWITT, (Musical Repository, No. 59, Maiden Lane) has received by the Oneida Chief, and other vessels from London, a large assortment of **PIANO FORTES**, of various descriptions, with additional Keys.—Also, the following **NEW SONGS**:

The poor little Maid of Buttermore—*Esolina's Lullaby*—*Poor Mary*—*The Village Cigarette*—*Once happy in a peaceful House*—*Ye Powers that rule without control*—*The sweet little Girl of the Lakes*—*The Rose, the sweet blooming Rose*—*Tarry awhile with us my Love*—*The mutual Sigh*—*The Sailor's welcome home*—*Mutual Bliss*—*the loud and clear-ton'd Nightingale*—*the Kiss*—*the Cake Man*—*a pretty Week's Work*—*The fair Huntress*—*the Blackbird*—*the humble thatch'd Cottage in the Village of Love*—*Adown, adown, in the Valley*—*Little sinning's in Love*—*Poor Ellen*—*the Pilot that moor'd us in peace*—*At Morning's Dawn the Hunters rise*—*An envious Sigh shall ne'er escape*—*the poor little Child of a Tar*—*With a great variety of Music for different instruments.*